ATKINSON'S EVENING POST,
AND PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY NEWS.

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TOWER OF THE GREAT MOSQUE—MOROCCO.

A *mosque* (*mahdschid*) is a Mohammedan house of prayer. These buildings are constructed in the Moorish or Saracenic style of architecture, and display, in consequence variety, all the peculiarities both ornamental and unornamental, of that rich and singular style. The mosques of the Arabs often include, in a quadrangular area, an inherent quantity of colonnaded in front, the building itself and extent of which impress the mind of the beholder with surprise and admiration. These colonnades are in numerous instances, the rich spoils of antique monuments. Upon the site (is it said) where formerly stood the famous temple of Solomon, a superb mosque has been erected at Jerusalem. If the Arab temples answer to the description of Solomon's, pious colonnades supporting their arches and vestals, those of the Turks possess another kind of claim to notice and admiration, in the beautiful variety of their various cupolas. Every province of Turkey has its own peculiar style and taste with regard to these religious structures; and, as the Moresque architecture possesses no fixed rules, drawing light-hearted and fanciful from the full imperial heart of the art, the architect is allowed to follow the best of his own fancy. The mosque of Mohammed Ali, at Cairo, we find another alters, new pulpings, nor new images, but a great quantity of lamps, of various kinds, which hang in the principal arches, and add fountains to the court for ablutions. The entrances to it are by doors of such a nature that no one can enter without stooping. The floor is generally covered with carpets, but there are no seats. In a corner on the south-eastern side is a chair, on which is

NIGHT AT SEA.

BY L. E. L.

The following appears in the last New Monthly: it was written by the gifted lady on her passage to Cape Coast with her husband, Mr. Maclean.

The lovely purple of the moon's heathwing
Has vanished from the waters, where it flung
A crystal zone, such as gems are throwing
Twins or regal garniture an-ong.

Of course they do *our* light, of course also
Their the night vapor trouble a such fine star:
I can't say—my heart is sadly dreaming
Of those I left so far.

Do you think of me, as I think of you?

By each dark wave around the vessel we repose,
Farther and I trace that dear home is removed,
Till the lone vigil that I have set keeping.

I did not know how much you were beloved.
If—as you are of kindness the kindest,
Kind looks, kind words, kind hope rest—what now?
Heaved and tearless, my vexed life has speeded,
And memory—a cold and desolate hour.

My friends, my absent friends!

Do you think of me, as I think of you?

The very stars are strangers as I catch them,
Adverse to my heart while that swell above;
I cannot hope that other eyes will watch them
Or love the night vapor trouble a such fine star:
They shine not there, as here they now are shining.
The very hours are changed.—Ah, do ye sleep?
Or watch kindly, as I watch for you?

My home! my absent friends!

Do you think of me, as I think of you?

Yesterday has a charm, to day could never,
Flung o'er the mind, which knows not till it pass
How a curse binds its tendence endeavor—
To fix the past within the heart of hearts.
Absence is full of memory, it teaches
The value of all old familiar things;
The strength—no of affection, while it reaches
Our the dark parting, with no angel's wings.

My friends, my absent friends!

Do you think of me, as I think of you?

The world with new vast element omitted—
Man's own personal element, the earth,
Yet, o'er the waters, in his calm, transcends
By that great knowledge whereon his power sits
How oft in some strange loveliness while gazing
Have I wished you there—beautiful as new,
The purple waves like some wild rivulet flowing
Their watery banners as the sky ours view!

My friends, my absent friends!

Do you think of me, as I think of you?

Bearing signs in a wing the hues of morning,
Or springs the flying-fish, like life's false joy,
Which we do not understand but find adorning
Where very light is listed to destroy.

Ah, no dark genius on its rainbow journey,
Sent from the depths of the invisible world;
No spring sweet fraction from the heart's dominion,
Two sense in death the scorched-up wing is furled.

My friends, my absent friends!

Whatever I see inclined with thoughts of you
Is life is in the air, but in the waters
All is stagnant, vague and terrible and strong.
The sword-fish and the shark present their slaughters,
War universal reigns these depths along.
Like some great island are we seated on the ocean springing,
Plants on the surface, stones glistening shining,
From us we lend a silver fountain flinging
Right on the fountain in a fairy isle.

My friends, my absent friends!

I read such hasty legends while with you.
Light is round the gloomy canvass spreading,
As intervening the dusky sails,
From its thick brink of clouds she mounts, shedding
The solace and oblivion that our night presents.
Pale is she, like a young queen pale with splendor,
Hoarse with passionate thoughts she tod bend, too deep,
The very sleep that she wears is restless,
The eyes that watch her heavier fain would weep.

My friends, my absent friends!

Do you think of me, as I think of you?

Sensibile is ever cheerful, when the moment
Wakens the world with cloud-dispelling eyes;
The spirit meant to glad endeavor, seeming
What it is not, and so it lies.

Sensibles and hope are comrades, and their weather
Oft runs into the energies of earth;
Moment of joy, and moment of sorrow,
Reflected in the light that either brings.

My friends, my absent friends!

Do you think of me then? I think of you.

The busy deck is hushed, no sounds are waking
But the watch pacing silently and slow;
The waves against the sides incessant breaking,
And rope and canvass swaying to and fro.
The topmast sails seems some dim pinnacle
Uncertain standing; tower and the air
White rod and fitful gleams come from the binnacle,
The only light—the hand to guide us—where?

My friends, my absent friends!

Far from my native land, and far from you,
On one side of the ship the incoherent shimmer
In luminous vibration o'er the sea,
But where the shallow lulls, a strange pale g'eamer
Seems glow-worm like amid the waters to be.
All that the arctic keeps of thought and feeling,
Taken visionary hues from each an hour;
But while some fantasy is o'er me stealing,
I start, remember, and I think of you!

My friends, my absent friends.

From the far future I cannot start to think of you!

A dusky line in the moonlight I discover,
What all day long vainly I sought to catch;
Or is it but the varying clouds that hover
Thick as the air, to mock the eye that can watch?
No! well the sailor knows each quick spreading.
Upon the transom waves, the far-off strand
To that dusky line our course is steering,
Her voyage done—to-morrow we shall land.

August 13.

Tales Illustrating the Passions.

BY G. P. R. JAMES.

Remorse.

Continued from our last.

There was magic in his words—the magic, it might be, of a keen and searching spirit—but still they were more charged every feeling, and caused a complete and surprising revulsion in every thought. They worked, as those he had before spoke it, with greater power than he intended; for not only do such resolutions, when he only sought to suspend any rash determination. Happy is he, who, with eagerness to move our hearts, can force through it, three them only to the point he aims at. I would go beyond. He stood there, the picture of health, placed before my eyes, in open day, that my fate was in my own hands: that my vows could not be forced; that, short or later, I could decide for myself: and I decided at once. Present opposition, I knew, was useless; but I resolved to lose not a moment, to waste not an hour, to husband my strength, to recall all the arts and exercises which had been taught me from childhood—for they bestow but with a greater or more inspiring motive than myself even to the last hour, and before attempt to excel him in all those points which affected his fate, and seemed to have no relationship with my own. Why that secret spot in the heart of the man had worked; but this time he knew not how completely it had been. He said but little more, and I gave, and that little was a caution not to let my wishes or purposes be too apparent.

I resigned to the cruel hand of being. Let none going on me with surprise: and, calling her by the sweet name of sister, I passed the remaining hours of my stay in that gay and light, but speaking conversation in which we had never yet let our thoughts range. There was a deeper current of thought run below; but it was covered by the light ripple of the surface, and there were no keen eyes upon us to fathom the stream that sparkled with such a sudden gayety. For my mother's part, she was completely deceived; and wrote me, I afterwards found, to my father, to tell him that, after a fit of melancholy, I had become fully reconciled to his will, and had returned to Wurzburg, not only prepared to resume my studies with alacrity, but cheerful and contented, as I used to be in former years.

Once more I left my paternal roof, but with deeper feelings, and a mind made up to wait not an hour needless. Did the image of Leonora, her sweet face, her fair person, her gentle manners, her heart, her bright and sparkling mind, full of glowing fancies and of thoughts—did her image glide across across my memory, to darken it with a wish that could not be gratified? No! Once, and for a single moment, perhaps it did. But the moment it have been blessed with such a being as that: but the next moment I remembered that she was promised to my brother—that she was a part, the richest part, of his bright portion; and I detested myself almost for the fatal flame and of those sweet eyes, that, at that hour, I would not have robbed him of one grain of all his glorious wealth, or wish to wear a crown. All I hoped, all I wished, was not to be rendered miserable because he was happy.

Let the Tell son shine forth in his glory. I (she had ordered it so, but do not fancy me to think for ever in the shadow. Surely he can enjoy his life by the reminds of our own hearts, to shape our conduct as because as both.

As to Leonora, though, full surely, my fancy was cold and wandering, yet there I did what was but right. I would not and could not, on the eve of my recent being; the wildest latitude that I gave my thoughts, was but to hope that some day—some far and future day, when, clothed in the dark, gloomy form, I had won for myself esteem in arms, and gained fortune—at night, perhaps, upon a battle-field like her, be the true companion of my brilliant fate, and share all the sweeter, gentler, happier feelings of my heart.

I returned to Wurzburg, then, with my mind made up, and my resolutions fixed. I set to work with self-supporting resolution: acting upon me as an impulse. It was, that, in order to strengthen that at which I aimed. I must cause my physical exercise, examinate every faculty or quality of mind and body that I had, in the right place, at the head of the energies of my active sleep, I must now awaken those to full exercise, and learn to guide and direct them with skill, that when the time came to encourage my decision to all the world had arrived, and I should have thrown every hand with the shrine of our Lady of Andernach; but there was a feeling in my heart that would not suffer me to do so. My heart, too, must guide—yet not to my mother. My heart, too, must guide—yet not to my brother's voice, heard on no worse occasion than the door, was the gladdest sound that I had heard for many days to side forth, for a time, lost thy brain entirely.

"I will," I replied: "but I will take no one with me. I cannot bear, many present frame of mind, the hosts of a lonely mountain-top, or the ground behind me."

"This is not our conference; and for the four hours I engage day I spent joy time as I had proposed. We say hasn't more at ease at their conclusion! Had my mind regained any of its calmness? Had I not? For less it; but I knew that every hour that passed—I knew that every moment, as it brought nearer and nearer the fatal day which was to give the hand of her I loved to another—every hour that passed, every moment that I lived, was more and more deep, more intense, more passionate, how firmly rooted in my heart the passion (love, feelings which had been growing up so silently in my bosom.

Nothing could be said to sleep, during silkhom four days; and by the weariness of body, and practical activity of mind, the moral balance was keenly preserved. I found myself, more than once, recalling sleep thoughts over which I had no control, and which I was forced to contemplate upon the subject to which I would have dropped them; and then, and then, turning, entered the hall with my self-command, and with the most determined will during the two days that followed. I fancied that I saw the eye of my brother rest with thoughtful, and even with suspicion upon me; but I was not to be baffled in the tone between us.

The last night I spent in Wurzburg was one of sleepless misery. I believe then that I had not left my station with my brother in the village of Kitzingen, and had not been with him during the last hour of his journey, I should have returned to my father from the war. My brother and I broke five spears apiece, against different opponents, on the morning of the day of his departure; and, though he was three years my senior, I believe that I was not overmatched. I was in my own way superiority over myself in the use of arms. He himself was piqued; and, when no other adversary appeared, he challenged me to break a lance with him. I heard a lance together." But I threw the one I had in my hand to the ground, and broke the proposing. "No with you, Ferdinand—not with you."

"What! are you afraid?" he exclaimed, raising his voice, with a laugh, to those assembled around, to whom he stood, and, leaning on his horse's neck, he looked full in my face. "Are you afraid?" I repied. "I am afraid of nothing under God's heaven, Ferdinand, but to do wrong."

He turned away angrily in a moment; and, springing from his horse, he clasped my hand warmly in his own, and, mounting, rode off with those of the lower hall: I had paused, I know not why, before two crossed swords, which hung between the two branches of a tree, and were stood looking at them. I turned at the sound of her step, as she was passing through the hall, and my pressed image gladly seeing me, lifting her eyes to mine, as if there was something struggling in her breast for utterance. But when he flagged, I right from forward; and are the day were over, I was within two leagues of our own dwelling. At length, a feeling of fear for the noble beast that bore me, and for the safety of a friend, where I had often hunted, and where I had dominion extended over all the land around, and I could easily have found the last of some woodcutter or forester, where I might have passed the night, at least, under shelter. But there was a carelessness of all things had come over me, a longing for the forest, I scarcely a grassy spot, where the horse could find some food.

I cast myself down beneath a beech, and watched, with a sort of gloomy sympathy, the increasing shades of night, as they came, wave by wave, over the bright evening sky, like the dark torrent of advers late gathering over a life that had opened all in brightness.

I was weary, but I slept not: I watched the stars as they came forth, and the moon till she set; and then I watched again, and, at last, fell into a sort of heaven. Heavy drops at length began to fall through the leaves of the beech and oak; and, feeling my interest turning in my breast, I rose, and found that in which I had been riding, and let the horse still enjoy any long and quiet halt. It seemed a relief; and then, for the first time, an morning was approaching, I feel asleep—if it deserved that name.

There was, indeed, some short period of perfect unconsciousness: the sound of the bell for the hour triumphed over the irritation of the mind: but, oh, how soon the mind woke up to agony, though it left the body stupefied. Dark visions seized upon me: dreams, vague but horrible, shifting and change like the flickering lightning of the summer sky, but showing forth, in every blast, strange features and awful forms. The most distinct of all was the last.

I thought I heard a wild, shrill cry; and, starting forward, I found myself in a strange world of mist and ivy brother. A sky lay upon a bed of stars: he grasped her tightly, with one hand, which was still locked in her own, and with the other, raised his sword, as if to strike. Then, with a sudden movement, he cast me off, and, with a quick stream, I sprang upon him—I seized the uplifted hand—I wrenched the dagger from his grasp—I heard, in the fury of the assault, I struck it into his breast. Then came another loud, long sound. It was somebody knocking at the door, and some bending his head down over me as I lay, and uttering a wild shrill neigh, as if to call me to myself.

But was already high in the sky; and, putting my hand to my side, I found that I had slept. I was once more beside me to the high road. It soon led me on through the woods, to the high rocky banks of the Danube, which overhung that river with forest and pinetrees, now changing, now bare, now rocky, now broken, now sandy, and deep and sandy dells, and wide banner-looking moors, and, as the sun set, there came a gleam of waters, and I remembered having been there before a month or two before. I had been there, in fact, I had gone on, and, at the end of the sixth, I found myself on the ground began to rise: the trees fell—up on the hand, I saw before me myself on the land, and literally ascertain of one of the most beautiful with nothing dreamed but the trembling leaves of the aspen. I was, in fact, in the very spot where I had slept the night before, and, as I rose, I found that my horse had wandered away. I was not sorry for it: the sun was down, the dark gloom of night was coming on, and I was not sorry to be left to myself. I had, in fact, no fear of any kind, and, if I could have met with a robber, I should have been glad.

I passed not long: my horse wearied quickly, and I was soon in the saddle again, and, for a long, long, but, weak, a wild delight, he bounded on over the short turf of *Am* mountain. It was, I think, the first time that I had ever felt myself free. I pushed my self-command, and, as I looked upon the dark, gloomy mountains, and the black forests that covered them, I felt that I was free. I was free from all the fetters that had bound me to the earth, and, as I rode on, I felt my heart bound with the joy of liberty. I was free from all the fetters that had bound me to the earth, and, as I rode on, I felt my heart bound with the joy of liberty. I was free from all the fetters that had bound me to the earth, and, as I rode on, I felt my heart bound with the joy of liberty.

Atkinson's Evening Post
and Philadelphia Saturday News.

UNDER THE EDITORIAL CHARGE OF
GEORGE R. GRAHAM.

SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1839.

AGENCIES.

Our Shaped old travelling Agent, Wm. A. Pierce, is [illegible] through Delaware, Chester, Lancaster and Lebanon. Our friends in these sections [illegible] to.

Mr. S. H. Stevenson is our travelling Agent in Kentucky in place of Mr. B. G. Easton, resigned.

C. Pierce, Esq. P. M. at Chester, Penn. has taken the Agency at Chester, Penn. Subscribers will please settle with him.

M. E. [illegible], Esq. P. M. at Paterson, N. J. is appointed Agent for that place and will receive subscriptions due.

Mr. J. R. Weldin is Agent at Pittsburgh, Pa.

P. G. [illegible] is Agent at Lancaster, Pa.

C. W. James is Agent at Cincinnati, O. 7th street, three doors west of Walnut street.

NEW APPOINTMENTS.

W. N. [illegible], is appointed agent for this paper in Baltimore, in place of N. Hickman, Bookseller.

J. C. T[illegible], is appointed agent at St. Louis, Mo.

A. [illegible], is appointed agent at Natchez, Miss.

D. W. [illegible], is appointed agent at Ithaca, N. Y.

Our subscribers at each of the above named places are respectfully requested to make prompt settlements with the agents.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The author of "The Pride of the Sea," enters into the merits of his piece, and crosses swords with us. In order to show him that we did not condemn in consequence of a single fault, we give him the following line. If he has an ear for music, or the least regard for "flowing numbers" he will perceive that the line itself is sufficient to condemn the whole piece.

"The note of the foam bird their hymn."

The most that we can say for him is that in one respect his piece is like "a contingent remainder," as he is "legal" he will understand.

"The Execution" shall appear.

"Dreams of Youth" next week.

The author of "The Rescued" has our thanks, we should be pleased to hear from him often.

The tale by our friend "J. W. M." is in hand, and shall soon appear.

We are indebted to the Hon. Charles Naylor for public documents, and to G. R. Smith of Harrisburg for a reprint of an ancient State paper.

A NEW PAPER.

A daily morning paper has been started in this city entitled "The World." Russell Jarvis, Esq. is the editor and proprietor. Mr. Jarvis has been the editor of the Public Ledger since 1836, and the unexampled success of that paper, may in a great degree, be attributed to the indefatigable industry, and well applied talents of that gentleman. We welcome him to the field, and wish him success in his enterprise.

A GOOD EXAMPLE FOLLOWED.

We are gratified to learn, that our democratic neighbor, the Pennsylvanian, intends to follow the good example of the Herald and Sentinel, and that hereafter the paper will be issued on Monday, without having the men engaged in the office on the Sabbath. It behoves the christian community to sustain any efforts so commendable.

WHO BELIEVES IT?—There is said to be an old maid in New Orleans with such a sharp face, that she uses it to pare apples.

MR. BURTON, the comedian, has, we understand, retired from the Chesnut street theatre.

THE BRITISH FORCE IN AMERICA.

According to the New York American, there are at present in the British North American Provinces upward of 15,000 regular troops, besides numerous companies of local militia, brought into activity and comparative discipline by the late troubles in the Canadas.

RAISING THE MEXICAN BLOCKADE.

A slip from the office of the New Orleans Picayune, observes: "We learn by the arrival of the barque Clarion, from Havana, whence she left on the 17th ult. that a rumor was afloat in that city on the day of her sailing that the blockade of Vera Cruz had been raised by the French. The captain of the Clarion says that the rumor was credited at Havana from several circumstances; one that a Bremen brig had arrived the day before from Vera Cruz, another that the French Consul at Havana had ceased sending fresh provisions to the squadron. Two English line of battle ships had also arrived at Havana from Vera Cruz, destined for Halifax, which goes to strengthen the rumor."

IMPORTANT DECISION FOR PUBLISHERS OF NEWSPAPERS.

Judge Thompson, of Indiana, at a late sitting of the Circuit Court, at which he presided, gave the following decision, in a case where a subscriber to a newspaper refused to take the paper out of the post office, without complying with the terms of the publisher:

"That if a subscriber to a periodical failed to notify the editor to discontinue the paper at the end of the term subscribed for, or pay up the arrearages, he was bound for another year."

This settles a very important principle.

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

The unhappy controversy in which the Presbyterian Church has been for some time engaged is about to be decided. It is now under discussion in the Supreme Court. It is said that the "old school" party have retained Mr. Preston, of the United States Senate, as one of their council. The jury was empanneled on Tuesday morning last, and the case was opened on behalf of the "new school" party by Josiah Randall, Esq.

FROM TAMPICO.

A gentleman who sailed from Tampico on the 15th February, states that the intelligence from the frontier was favorable to the arms and progress of the Federal party. The port of Tampico was not blockaded by any ships of war, nor was there any restriction upon commerce with the interior. Heavy gales of wind were experienced in the Gulf between the 1st and 12th of February, but no shipwrecks were reported.

The New Jersey Silk Convention convened in Trenton on the 28th ult. and organized a State Silk Society.

THE FRIENDS OF GENERAL HARRISON, in this State, have called a convention at Harrisburg, on the 22d of May, to frame an electoral ticket.

SYMPTOMS OF WAR.

[illegible] by exciting prejudices, and inflaming the public mind, not by windy boasts of patriotism, which are never felt, and of valor that is never shown, but by a calm and deliberate investigation of the cause of the evil, and by a firm but unostentatious resolve to apply the proper remedy. The prompt and energetic action of Congress upon the matter cannot but afford pleasure to every lover of his country. That the question of right is ours, and ours alone, allows of no room for dispute. But this is no apology or excuse for rashness. It is easy to provoke a war, and probably in the present instance, quite easy to carry it on with vigor, and to end it with success. But there are other questions which forcibly present themselves to the calm consideration of the patriot. He sees our commerce defenceless, and liable to be shattered and ruined, and most of our Atlantic cities open to invasion, with no defence but the true hearts and firm hands of the people. He sees the energies of the South, in a great degree paralised, her cotton trade ruined, her borders liable to be ravaged by disaffected Indian tribes, who on the first approach of the enemy, would pour in destructive marauding parties their whole force on the frontier. He sees the commercial relations, not only between England ruptured, but between other countries endangered. He sees two of the freest nations of the earth, bound together by the strong ties of common ancestry, of the same language, literature, religion, and manners arrayed in conflict, and though he may not doubt the issue, he does not wish to see it tried. The long course of uninterrupted prosperity, and good feeling of the two nations, he does not wish to see ruffled, and he would rather see all other expedients first tried. In this matter all must agree with the kind and conciliating tone of the message of the President. It is a judicious, manly, and honest state paper, and has given satisfaction to both parties in this country—though upon this question there are no parties—the Union has no dissenting voice, but the deep tones of the people come up, demanding what is right, while they vow to "submit to nothing wrong."

A FLYING FISH.

There is a fine specimen of flying fish at the Philadelphia Exchange. It was taken on board the brig Pennsylvania, at this port, from Malaga.

The vessel was sailing at the time, at the rate of six miles per hour. Suddenly the Captain saw one of his men knocked down against a cask, and heard him cry out lustily for help. On hastening to his assistance, he was found to be bruised in the face, from which the blood was trickling. The cause of the disaster was soon after ascertained to be a remarkably large flying fish, which was picked up dead, and with the loss of an eye, which had been knocked out by its contact with a sail, through which the fish had passed, and afterward with the face of the unlucky sailor. This flying-fish is certainly the finest specimen of the kind we have ever seen. We learn it is the intention of Capt. Vencock to allow it to remain at the Exchange for a few days, and then to present it to the Philadelphia Museum.

PROMPT.

We learn that the first division of Pennsylvania militia, under the command of Major General PATTERSON, promptly volunteered their services to the President, under the act recently passed by Congress, to raise fifty thousand men.

MORUS MULTICAULIS.

The Augusta, (Geo.) Constitutionalist of Feb. 26th says:—"We understand that Mr. Robert Philip, of this city, sold last week four Morus Multicaulis Trees, about five years old, for *one hundred and fifty dollars cash!*"

SILK CULTURE IN PENNSYLVANIA.

By a report made at the Silk Convention which assembled at Harrisburg, on the 23d ult. it appears that the premiums on Silk, the product of the State, paid at the State Treasury of Pennsylvania, under the act of April, 1836, amount to $546,48. The premiums were paid to sixteen individuals, of whom Gertrude Rapp, of Economy, received $363,50. This is altogether a pretty fair beginning for the first year of Silk Culture in the Keystone State.

LITERARY.

BEETHOVEN.

[illegible]

fancy some rich scenes, which will be developed in the work.

"*Littell's Museum*" for February—is before us. It contains the conclusion of "The Miser"—a continuation of "Nickleby," &c.

"*Gentleman's Magazine*" for March—contains "A Chapter on Field Sports," and several original articles, both in poetry and prose. It is embellished with an engraving of "L. E. L."

"*American Phrenological Journal*," Waldie.

"*Nicholas Nickleby*,"—the tenth number of the work has been issued by Lea & Blanchard.

"*Criticism, its Use and Abuse*," by Samuel T. Glenn, Thomas, Cowperthwait & Co. This is a small work on Criticism, issued previously to a larger work on the subject, by the author. It contains some judicious reflections, and when the enlarged work appears, it will doubtless, be sought after and *read*, which last is more than can be said of most works issued at the present day.

Among which we may include "*The Women of England*," issued by *Carey & Hart*, in which it is attempted most learnedly and with *much* ingenuity—to be shown that there is an essential difference between *women* and *ladies*. Its fault appears to be the burden of the theme of the writer. Miss Stickney, in our humble judgment, has made no very great *hit*, as the theatricals have it. And we are seriously inclined to think, that the publishers will make no great speculation. As for our part, we doubt very much the ability of "Mrs. Ellis, late Miss Stickney," to teach our fair countrywomen, much upon those same "social duties," the first of which, is to love their husband, which they all do, and the second of which, to mend their stockings, they all learn, taking care at the same time, to fill up the interim, with "a batch of good bread," and a slight sprinkling of pies, &c. not to forget the very important matter of a good cup of coffee, and the accompanying requisite, good brown toast. Now we take it, that these everlasting prosers on social duties, know about as little of such matters, as their neighbors, and would find themselves in a sad bewilderment, if disturbed in their vageries of thought, to perform some of the duties which with great dignity, they set themselves up to teach.

VICTORIA'S SCEPTRE O'ER THE WAVES.

The following lines, from the brilliant pen of the Poet Campbell, have been set to music:—

Victoria's sceptre o'er the waves,
Has touch'd and broken slavery's chain,
Yet, strange magician, she enslaves
Our hearts within her own domain.

Her spirit is devout, and burns
With thoughts averse to bigotry;
And yet—herself the idol,—turns
Our souls into idolatry.

The receipts of the box office on the occasion of Mr. FORREST'S benefit, at Mobile, were $1071 50! The Journal states that hundreds were turned away from the doors, who could not obtain seats.

WILLIAM TELL OUTDONE.

We learn that some time since, a feat was performed in Ridgebury, Bradford county, which throws that of William Tell in the shade. A man named Lathrop Baldwin, with a rifle, shot an apple from the head of Thomas Fox, at eighteen yards distance, arms length. There was no cap on Fox's head, his hair was combed down smooth, and the apple was a small one. Both were somewhat in their cups.

MEDICAL LECTURE.

We understand, that during the coming week Dr. Alexander C. Draper intends to commence a course of Popular Lectures on "Health and Disease,"—the abuses of Medicine, and an exposition of Quackery, designed for the people generally. The well known qualifications of the lecturer are a sufficient guarantee, to induce the public patronage.

ANOTHER JEWELLERY STORE ROBBED.—We are informed that on Monday evening last, about 8 o'clock, the window of a jewellery store belonging to Mr. Megonegal, in Sixth street, below Race, was robbed of a box containing jewellery to the value of near four hundred dollars.

MAINE.

LATEST FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.
REPORTED MARCH OF 300 BRITISH TROOPS.

[illegible]

HALIFAX, 21st ult.—Accounts of the movements in New Brunswick had reached this town. The 37th Regiment from Jamaica was daily expected. A detachment of 137 men for this Regiment has already arrived at Halifax, from Cork, under the command of Colonel Smelt, who commands the regiment.

In Houlton, (Me.) 26th ult. a part of the Maine troops were encamping.

LATER FROM MAINE.

The Maine House of Representatives have passed a resolve appropriating ten thousand dollars for the continuation of the Restook road, north of the Restook river—passed to be engrossed.

A letter in the Boston Atlas, dated in the Senate Chamber of Maine, at Augusta, March 2d, (probably from a Maine senator,) says:

"I speak *advisedly*, when I say that if the contemplated visit of General Scott to Maine, is only to persuade a withdrawal of our troops from the disputed territory, or a relinquishment of our present position, he might as well *stay away*. I repeat that I speak *advisedly* when I say this. It may appear as strong language, but I say from my heart, that I had rather see our State *deluged in blood*, and every field bleached with the bones of our citizens, than that we should retrace our footsteps and submit to British arrogance. Yes, the "glorious stars and stripes" must wave in the line, and we must speak, if necessary, with the cannon's mouth to the British minions, "thus far shalt thou come, and no farther."

Yours, &c.

BANGOR, Friday, 5½ o'clock, P. M.

Letters have just come in by the Express line of Videttes, ten hours and twenty-five minutes from Houlton, a distance of 120 miles, the Head Quarters of Gen. Hodsdon one of the General's Staff, and communicates the important intelligence, that a regiment of 800 Fusiliers has arrived at Halifax, *from Cork*, and were ordered to be at Fredericktown on Wednesday last, and to proceed forthwith to the disputed territory.

A Washington correspondent of the N. York Courier, writes in reference to the North Eastern Boundary difficulties.

"The prevailing impression here may be briefly stated. Great Britain is wrong, in claiming territory which does not belong to her. The General Government is wrong, in having so long acquiesced in unjust claims.—Governor Fairfield is wrong, in a rash, ill-advised and ill-executed movements. And all parties would be doubly and trebly wrong, if in the nineteenth century should they suffer a question of the kind to interrupt the pacific relations of two countries bound together by so many ties of kindred, association and interest, as are the United States and Great Britain."

FROM VERA CRUZ.

The United States sloop of war Levant, H. Paulding, Esq. Commander, touched at New Orleans on the 24th ult. on her way from Vera Cruz (whence she sailed on the 14th ult.) to Pensacola. She brings about forty thousand dollars in specie.

The federal party appears to be triumphing throughout the principal States of the Mexican Republic.

Gen. Arista, who was made prisoner by the French at the time an attempt was made to force them to quit the harbor of Vera Cruz, has been liberated, and was expected to arrive in the city of Mexico about the 5th of February. Gen. Santa Anna left Vera Cruz on the 12th ult. for the seat of government, to enter upon the duties of President *ad interim*, while Bustamente at the head of a strong force, marched against Tampico—and as our advices from that place represent Gen. Urrea determined to cut his way into the thickest of the central party, we may soon expect to have tidings of a bloody and probably decisive battle being fought somewhere in the vicinity of San Louis Potosi.

The blockade of Vera Cruz was still vigorously enforced.

SENATOR BUCHANAN has authorised the Harrisburgh Reporter to say that he does not desire to be a candidate for Vice President of the United States.

The Macon Telegraph says, that there were two attempts made simultaneously to *fire* that city. The fire was applied to a Warehouse in the heart of the city and another on the suburbs.—Fortunately, it was discovered in time to prevent material damage.

THE PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM.

A Concert will be given at the Museum this afternoon at 4 o'clock, by Mr. Shaw and his daughters. These little vocalists are becoming deservedly popular.

AMERICAN MUSEUM.

The Panoramic spectacle of the Conflagration of Moscow is exhibited at the American Museum, together with other entertainments and Dioramic Scenes.

THE CHINESE COLLECTION.

The Chinese Collection is still open for visitors in the lower Hall of the Philadelphia Museum.

VENTRILOQUISM.

Mr. Nichols, the original American Ventriloquist, still continues to astonish, by the exhibitions of his peculiar natural powers.

CHESNUT STREET THEATRE.

The benefit of Mrs. Sloman is announced for Monday evening next,—on which occasion she will repeat, by particular desire, the character of Pauline in Bulwer's play of "The Lady of Lyons."

This evening, Mrs. Sloman will appear in the character of Jane Shore.

AMERICAN THEATRE—WALNUT ST.

The attractions at the American Theatre are, the Cataract of the Ganges, and Billy Button. To give all possible effect to this gorgeous spectacle, the stage has been increased in depth and "*real water*" has been introduced.

DIPLOMATIC CORRESPONDENCE.

[illegible]

PRESENTMENT OF THE GRAND JURY, at the close of their labors.

[illegible]

UNANIMITY.

[illegible]

Pennsylvania Legislature.

[illegible]

Congressional Proceedings.

[illegible]